

:: BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN ENVIRONMENTS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL ::

The Pretty Village of Hyattsville and Its Well-Founded Claims to Recognition Among the Thriving Communities That Lie Within Easy Access to the City.

IN a neighborhood historic from early colonial days, both as the home of distinguished representatives of the landed gentry and the scene of epoch-making incidents, is situated Hyattsville, Md., now one of the growing suburbs of the National Capital. It is but a short distance beyond the famed Bladensburg, whither led all roads when satisfaction was demanded under the code of honor in the early days of the Republic. It is not quite as far from the bustling city as is Riverdale, the Lord Baltimore estate, which passed into the hands of a New York syndicate about twelve years ago, and is now a rival suburb at the end of the same electric railway—the City and Suburban.

"Rapid transit" is the magic combination which has unlocked the treasures of the country for the benefit of the city dwellers of past years. In days gone by, the busy man could not consider the luxury of a home in the country. Time alone was prohibitive. He could not undertake to have his abode beyond walking distance of the city, unless it was near a reasonably regular horse car line. Living in the country was at any time a precarious experiment, undertaken at the risk of loss of time and badly upset temper, to say nothing of a profligate daily expenditure of verbal pyrotechnics.

Half an Hour From the City Center.

Electricity has overcome all these unfavorable conditions through the supplying of an adequate car service. Hyattsville is now brought within a half hour's ride of the Treasury building, in the center of the city. Government Printing Office officials find the trip from five to ten minutes shorter, and Capitol employees save a like amount of time in going to and from the country in that direction from Washington.

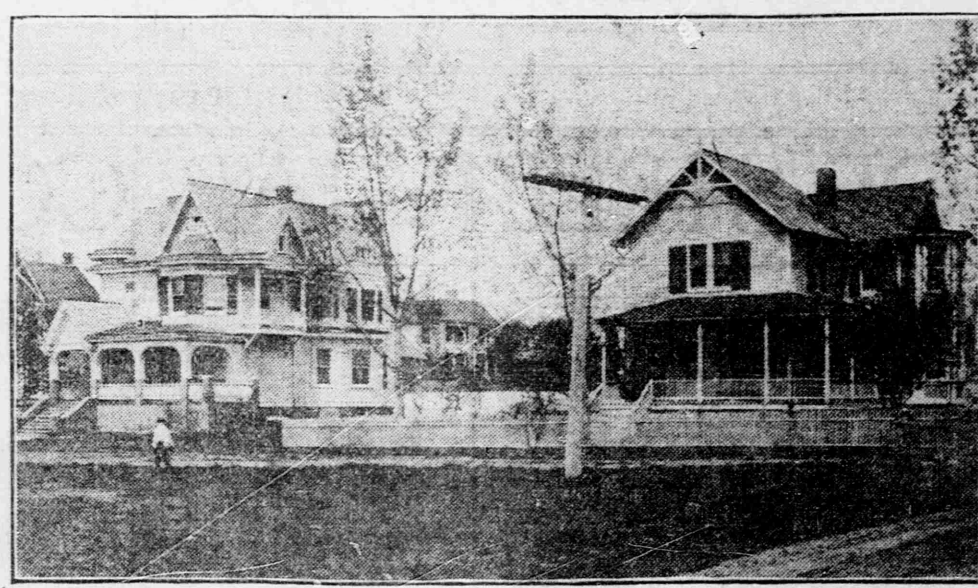
Taking the car at Fifteenth and G streets, or anywhere along the line up through Eckington, the suburbanite gains the advantage of a restful, pleasant ride, through green fields with extended views here and there, to his healthfully-located home in Hyattsville. He has his daily traveling companions from places along the City and Suburban line—Eckington, Brentwood, Woodridge, Ellastown Terrace, Riverdale and other flourishing communities—and their comfort in making the trip back and forth is considered in the providing of compartment cars.

Real Comfort on the Cars.

The suburbanite has his daily club life on wheels instead of in a city apartment. If he wishes to smoke on his way to the office in the morning, there is no one to call "Boo." A smoking apartment is provided on all the winter cars and in the spring, summer, and autumn one end of the car, with open-air seats, per-



Maryland Avenue, the Business Thoroughfare.



Typical Hyattsville Homes.

mits him the same enjoyment. Other suburban sections may claim many specific advantages but can hardly suggest any greater effort to please the traveler than is shown on the way to Hyattsville.

Not a Country Town.

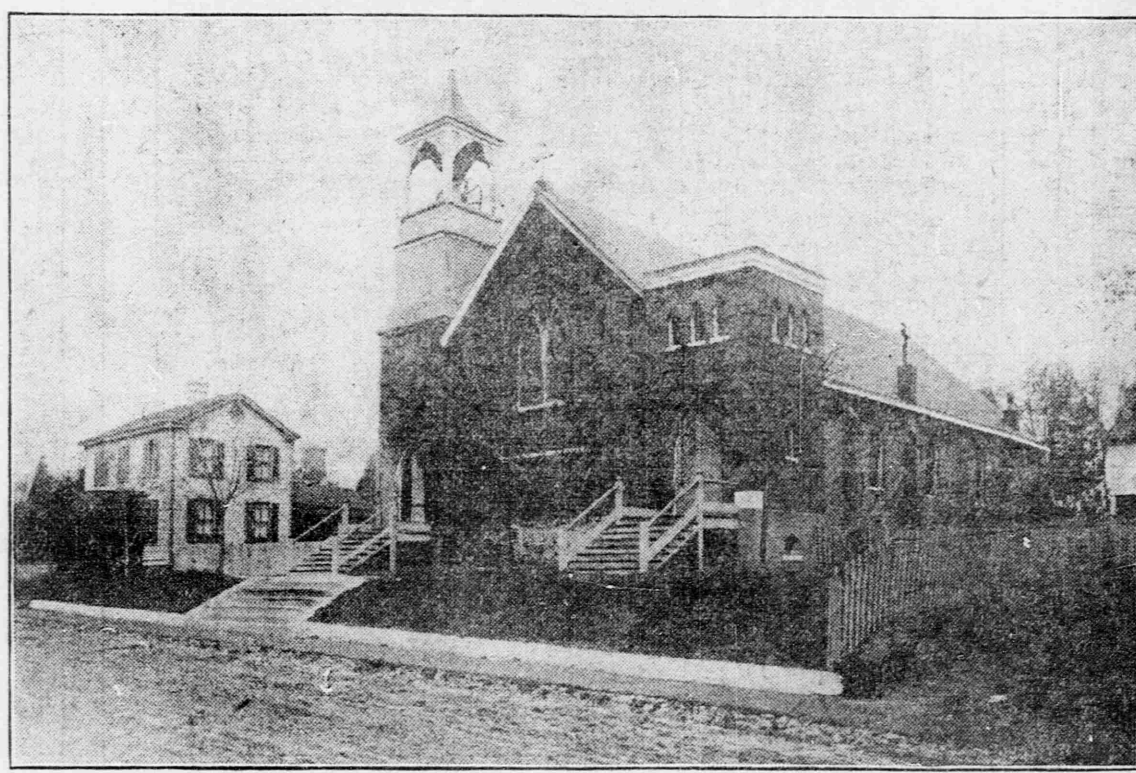
It is hard to call any place a country town when it has as many advantages as this Maryland suburb of the National Capital. Business, religion and politics indicate the stage of development which a town has reached and in all of these there is evidence of what the people of southern Prince George county have built up for themselves and for those who will come there as homeseekers to share with them the health and wealth of country life for one's family, while retaining business interests in Washington.

Has Six Churches.

Hyattsville has six churches as evidence of the stability of her population. There is the St. Jerome Catholic Church, of which the priest in charge is Father Tower, with a flock of 400 to minister to. He is a pleasant-faced, companionable man who has been there since 1886, succeeding Father Caughy. There is the Episcopal chapel, where the rector is the Rev. Dr. Mayo. There are two branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church—the Rev. Mr. Miller in charge of the north branch of that denomination and the Rev. A. W. Cackley caring for the spiritual welfare of the south wing. The Presbyterians have the Rev. Mr. Righter, and the Baptists the Rev. Mr. Rawles. So the wayfarer suburbanite is a good deal of a rarity in the limits of the town. If he does not go to church it is only because the delights of home keep him from leaving the ample plot of ground which he has taken in preference to a meager city lot.

Politics in Plenty.

In Hyattsville politics there is a saying that "there is always something doing in Prince George county." There is the McComas element, which follows after the Senator in any course he may pursue, whether it affect State or local issues. Ten there is the active and growing Mudd following, which will do and dare in any fight, however hard it may seem, whenever the doughty Representative from the Fifth Maryland District gives the word. Then there are the "Nine Brothers," who cut a figure when they have to be reckoned with in any



St. Jerome's Catholic Church.

political battle. The chief of these is R. N. Ryon, county treasurer, who lives at Marlboro. There is Dr. Ryon at Bowie, and another in Kent. That is the way they go, until it seems to the newcomer to the neighborhood of Hyattsville that politics would be almost tame without the "Nine Brothers" somewhere throughout the State to enter into the calculation.

There can be no doubt that the spirit of friendly rivalry, or even the kind that breeds intense jealousies and struggles in political matters, has its good side in the upbuilding of a healthy interest in all local matters. The mayor of Hyattsville is Dr. Charles A. Wells. But he has not been permitted to come into office without a struggle. There are two factions of the Democratic party. One is headed by J. C. Rogers, one

of Hyattsville's most prominent citizens, who is an enthusiastic commuter from Washington, having his law office at 333 Indiana Avenue northwest. The other faction is headed by Elbert Dent, a partner in the firm of Duckett & Dent, at 635 F Street northwest. Between the two sides there exists a continual determination to "win out," which affords the residents of the town plenty of opportunity to hear good political arguments of whatever sort they are seeking. And if they have no particular brand in mind they are given ample opportunity to look over the field and take their choice.

Thirteen Hundred "Regulars."

Thirteen hundred people call Hyattsville their home all the year round, and are proud of the fact. Several hundred

more come into the town limits when spring causes the leaves to shoot out and make the country sweet with the fragrance of blossom and bloom. There is the old Hyatt mansion, occupied by Christopher Clark. One sees "Ravenswood" in all its beauty at this season of the year. From its porch can be seen the dome of the Library, the Capitol, the Washington Monument, and the Soldiers' Home tower. From ten to twenty miles the eye can sweep, gathering in the beauty of the country. This fine old place is the home of ex-Mayor Michael V. Tierney, who has a Washington office in F Street but does not forget the delights of his country home. There is "Firwood," the home of J. C. Rogers, only a few steps from the railroad station and electric car line, and therefore as easy of access to Wash-

"Country Town" a Misnomer When Applied to This Up-to-Date Yet Sylvan Little City of Homes—Something About Its History, Present Inhabitants, and Prospects.

against fire, he settles down as satisfied as anyone well could be that Hyattsville is a good place to live if you are looking for a suburban home where one can live as close to nature in its original state as anywhere else about Washington.

New Electric System.

On the banks of the Eastern Branch of the Potomac will soon be generated 5,000 horsepower electricity, for use on the routes of suburban cars in that vicinity. There is the electric road to Laurel and Berwyn, and the steam road from Odenton to Annapolis, which is to be operated hereafter by electricity. There is the Chesapeake Beach railway, which may soon be operated by generated current instead of by steam.

Fifty men are now at work on the powerhouse, which will be 200 feet square and forty feet high. Three acres of space will be occupied by the plant. A steel smokestack of ten-foot flue and 225 feet high will be built. J. H. Conner is in charge of the work, and suburbanites look to him as the benefactor of the town through the work he is doing.

Mr. Rogers' New Store Buildings.

The thanks of Hyattsville people are continually pouring out to J. H. Rogers, one of the most progressive citizens of the town, who not only shows his interest in things practical, but invests his capital in local improvements. At the Maryland Avenue crossing of the railroad and electric line he recently built a row of six stores. This gives the visitor to Hyattsville an idea of the town's progressiveness, as soon as he steps off the car. Mr. Rogers has a ten horsepower gasoline engine and experimental laboratory at his home, where he has been making extended investigations in electricity.

A Weekly Newspaper.

Hyattsville, until a week ago, had two weekly newspapers, but now has to content itself with one—the "Independent." This organ has been published since 1900 by A. E. Fuller, who is the correspondent for a Washington daily.

The paper which has transferred its energies elsewhere is the "New Era." It is now published at the county seat, Marlboro. On its headline it carries the motto: "Crescite et multiplicamini," and in order to carry out this idea better, it sought the exciting field of the county capital.

In the "New Era's" last issue the paragraphist contributed, among other bright jests, the following sparkling bits: "Some young men find it easier to get married than to get furniture." "If we all followed the Golden Rule, the lawyers would starve to death." "Any point decided against us never convinces us."

"Do you think you will ever be prominent enough to be known by your last name?" East Hyattsville is a growing part of the suburb. Forty houses have been built there in the last three years. Rivalry with the parent town is strong, and building operations are consequently booming.

HOME LIFE OF THE CLEVELAND CHILDREN AT PRINCETON

IN the pleasant little town of Princeton, N. J., where the great university has so spread its benign influence over rich and poor that ostentation and discontent are alike unknown, four children, whose father is one of America's foremost statesmen, are growing quietly under ideal conditions into what promises to be for them an ideal future.

Several years ago when former President Cleveland decided to take up his residence in Princeton everybody wondered—that is, everybody who had never been to Princeton wondered. The Princeton residents, however, had a vivid conception of the charms of the town and the casual visitor who chanced to attend a commencement at the university carried away with him a distinctly delightful impression.

The Cleveland children play in the streets at will, and their parents know that no harm can come to them. Everybody knows them. All are fond of them. The tradesmen of the small village street, who deal in wares dear to children's hearts, are personally acquainted with them and each Princeton undergraduate has constituted himself a knight in their defense.

Mrs. Cleveland clothes her children in the very simplest fashion. For them there are no picture hats, no befringed frocks or lace trimmed coats. The Princeton mother of humble fortune need feel no pang of envy for her own small children when she sees the Cleveland children pass her door. The picturesque in children's attire, which few American women have been able to resist in these last few years, has been altogether avoided by the Cleverlands, and their little ones go about in sturdy, well-wearing garments of wool and cotton.

In Plain Garments.

The Cleveland children, so far as their clothes are concerned, might belong to the household of any respectable mechanic. Their plain woolen frocks, comfortable coats, with sailor collars, all very much like, and round sailor hats, wide brimmed to shade the eyes, light weight so as not to tire the head, and

untrimmed save for a narrow band of ribbon, are within the reach of the humblest purse.

Equally unostentatious are all the accessories and conditions of their lives. They have a nursery governess and a nurse to care for them, it is true, but they often walk unattended, and neither of these members of the household wears any sign of liver when seen in public.

Unlike the Roosevelt children, when at their country home the small Cleverlands do not attend the public school at Princeton. The two older girls, Ruth and Esther, go to a little private school which is kept in a humble frame house by the sister of one of the university professors. No doubt the teaching in this small private school is of the best, but its equipment is of the simplest.

Friends and Playmates.

Many of the well-known families who have followed the Cleveland family to the town, however, send their children to this school, and as their schoolmates, as well as their playmates outside the school, the Cleveland children have as friends Sara Morgan, the daughter of Junius Morgan, one of Princeton's men of millions, and a nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan; the Armour children and the Van Dykes. The children of Prof. Fine, one of the university faculty, are also among their companions.

The two younger children, Marion and the boy baby, Richard Folsom Cleveland, who is now about five years old, do not go to school. They learn their lessons at home with the nursery governess, although Richard Folsom is not being pushed along the paths of learning and his lessons just at present consist principally of learning to rake hay upon the lawn with his father or learning to manage the family pony, which, not being a particularly spirited animal, is deemed not too untruly for his baby horsemanship.

Ruth Like Her Mother.

"Baby Ruth," who ruled Washington society in her infancy and who was probably the most popular child ever in Washington, has grown to be a robust girl of twelve years. She resembles her mother more than any of the other children, and promises to grow into a young woman, approaching in beauty Mrs. Cleveland herself. Like her mother

she has dark hair and eyes. She has also the carriage and bearing of her mother, and the resemblance is further carried out by that exposure of the brow, without either fringe or pompadour, which has always distinguished Mrs. Cleveland.

She was named after Mrs. Cleveland's grandmother and was unanimously christened "Baby Ruth" by the nation when, during President Cleveland's second term, she held her childish court in the White House. Ever since then she has been a true Jersey girl, however, and, though she was born in New York State, her future predilections in the way of a State were indicated even in her babyhood by the fact that she was christened at Lakewood, N. J.

Preparing for College.

From 9 o'clock until 1 every day Ruth attends school. These lessons are given in all branches preparatory to a college course. Besides this she has lessons in music from a music governess, and her mother teaches her the lessons of deportment which she herself approves, a kind of knowledge which she has acquired with peculiar readiness, for it is said that there are no better bred children in Princeton than those of the former President.

In recreation Ruth is devoted to the black and white pony which she owns jointly with her brother and sisters, and to her bicycle. The black and white pony is used as a saddle horse and in harness to a tan dog cart. The dog cart, drawn by the pony, may be seen with all four children and the nurse in it, moving slowly down the highway. Even Mrs. Cleveland sometimes joins the party.

Born in the White House.

Esther Cleveland, the second of the children, is now a flaxen-haired little creature of about ten years. She was born September 9, 1893, and is the only child of a President to be born in the White House. At her birth the liveliest interest was manifested among diplomats and Cabinet officers, and affairs of state were forgotten when the affair was announced. Esther is a very healthy looking child, resembling her father more than her mother. She is especially fond of animals, a fearless little creature, and has, besides her one-fourth in-

terest in the family pony, a flock of sheep of her own at the summer home in Buzzard's Bay, which she feeds from her own hands.

Marion, the third daughter, was born at Buzzard's Bay, July 7, 1895. Marion is eight years old and has darker hair than Esther, although she, too, is in type a blonde. She is a docile and affectionate child, affable and voluble with strangers and friends.

A Son of Princeton, Surely.

After the family had been blessed with three daughters there was great rejoicing among the Cleverlands when a boy was born in 1897, at Princeton. The Princeton students straightway adopted him as their own and at once put him down as a member of a future Princeton class. If this young man should ever chance to enter another university when he is grown there would be weeping and wailing in Princeton.

As soon as the commencement week of the university is over, Princeton begins to lose its wealthy colony. The great houses are shut up; the university staff, the students, all that distinguishes the town from an ordinary country village, vanishes. When this time comes the Cleverlands, too, depart for their summer home at Buzzard's Bay. Here the children revel in even freer country joys than those afforded them in Princeton. They all go in bathing every day and they are particularly devoted to all things of the sea, following their father especially in his passion for fishing. Their existence is one long, untroubled series of good times, reaching from their beautiful old colonial home at Princeton to their other equally charming home by the ocean.—New York Herald.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Between the sun and the silence, the work and the time for rest, When the east is gray with shadow and light is leaving the west, We take the thread of our weaving, the day where our feet have trod, And we can a while ere leaving our work to the care of God.

—Frank H. Sweet.

POWER OF THE MAFIA AND CAMORRA.

TERRORISM and blackmail are the favorite methods by means of which the Mafia, the anarchists, the Camorra, the Nihilists and most of the other kindred secret societies of the Old World organized under the mantle of politics for crime, obtain the funds with which the leaders seem to be always so amply supplied. But counterfeiting, fraud, robbery, arson, and murder are likewise employed to fill the exchequer when necessary, and no considerations of life or property are permitted to stand in the way of the provision of revenues large enough to enable the moving spirits of these various associations to exist in comfort and luxury without any visible means of support. The murder last week of Benedetto Maduena, in New York, and the capture of a gang of Sicilian Mafiaists, as responsible for the crime, have served to call once more the attention of the American public to the ways in which the members of these politico-criminal secret societies of Europe manage to obtain their supplies.

It was because Maduena, himself a member of the Mafia, had objected to its appropriation of a sum of \$25,000 belonging to his convict brother-in-law, and of \$1,500 which he had furnished to the chief of his lodge in order to secure the transfer of his relative from Sing Sing to the Erie State Penitentiary, that he was killed. And since his murderers have been under lock and key, a fund of many thousands of dollars has already been collected from the Italian residents in New York, in order to provide for the defense of the prisoners.

Money Extorted by Threats.

It is hardly necessary to say that this money has not been voluntarily subscribed, but has been furnished in response to those threats and menaces, which will likewise render it well-nigh impossible for the authorities to secure any kind of Italian testimony against Morello and his confederates. It is difficult to convince any Italian, especially if he be from those portions of King Victor Emmanuel's dominions which lie to the south of Rome, that there is any agency of the law, either in the land of his birth or in this country, that is powerful enough to protect him from the

anger of the Mafia if for one reason or another he incurs its wrath. And it is only fair to add that this belief on his part is confirmed to a great extent by experience. In central Italy the Camorra and in northern Italy the secret anarchist associations exercise a similar degree of terrorism, and a curious illustration thereof was furnished in the case of King Humbert's assassin, Bresci. Previous to his coming to America he was earning good wages as head weaver in the great Mitchell silk mills at Lucca.

The Case of Banker Martinelli.

The chief proprietor of these mills was the Florentine banker Martinelli, and Bresci, who made no attempt to conceal his devotion to the anarchist cause, held the banker in such a state of trepidation concerning the safety of the mills and of his own life that when Bresci found it necessary to proceed to the United States in the interest of the movement it was the banker himself who paid for the man's passage to America by first-class, and furnished him not only with money, but also with a costly photographic outfit, Bresci having, among other expensive tastes, a strongly developed one for amateur photography.

Admitted His Fear.

Called to account, the banker explained that he had been terrorized by threats into furnishing Bresci with the means of departure, and not inaptly cited the old proverb according to which it is prudent to provide golden bridges for the enemy who is in flight.

Now, if Martinelli, a banker and a manufacturer, so rich and so influential that he was able to secure the removal of all the judicial and police obstacles which would otherwise have stood in the way of the departure from Italy of such a well-known anarchist and convict as Bresci, allowed himself to be terrorized in this fashion, it stands to reason that other manufacturers, bankers, and moneyed men of one kind and another, less prominent and less able to command the influence and good-will of the police and of the magisterial authorities than himself, can be blackmailed and subjected to extortion in a still greater degree.

The entire northern part of Italy enjoys widespread prosperity. Trade and

industry are flourishing there much more than on the northern side of the Alps in France, Austria and even Switzerland. Every factory is at work. It would be interesting to ascertain how many of their owners are compelled by fear to contribute to the funds of the anarchist party. In the provinces of Naples there are few of the landed proprietors, the manufacturers, and merchants who have not been called upon to contribute to the Camorra, while in Sicily the Mafia does not hesitate to collect its revenues in the same fashion.

Nihilist Methods.

In Russia every recrudescence of the Nihilist movement is invariably accompanied by an extraordinary increase in the number of fires. Thus in one summer month alone 3,500 fires were officially reported to have taken place in St. Petersburg, Orenburg, Krasnodar, Irkutsk, and Uralak, destroying property to the amount of 30,000,000 roubles. Only 500 of these fires could be properly accounted for, and the remaining 2,500 were proved to be of incendiary, and in many cases of Nihilist origin. The police were apparently unable to prevent these fires, and small wonder, then, that when two wealthy St. Petersburg merchants received anonymous letters from the terrorist executive committee demanding sums of 40,000 and 50,000 roubles, respectively, and threatening them with the destruction of their property by fire, and even with death in the case of refusal, they hastened to comply and to pay up, replying to inquiries as to why they had not sought the protection of the government with the following pertinent and wholly unanswerable counter-question:

"If the chief of police is unable to protect his own person from attack, or to prevent the arson that is the order of the day, how can we possibly expect efficient protection?"

In conclusion it may be pointed out that the readiness with which the Italians in New York—hard working, reputable citizens, many of them—have subscribed under threats of the Mafia, a large fund for the defense of Morello and of his confederates, indicates an inauguration of this side of the Atlantic of the same degree of criminal terrorism and a distrust in the efficacy of protection by the law and the police as prevails on yonder side of the Atlantic.